



**THE cool lunch for hot days.**  
Serve it in the country. Take the motor car, the family, a friend or two, some sandwiches—and

# Budweiser

**7,500 Employees to Make It**

The Anheuser-Busch main plant and branches give employment to 7,500 people. The main plant covers 142 acres, equal to 70 city blocks. There are 110 separate buildings, a city in themselves.

Hundreds of visitors every day go through with guides to inspect this immaculate institution. One cannot see it without the conviction that quality is an Anheuser-Busch rule.

**Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis**

The Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

Some of the Principal Buildings



**ANHEUSER-BUSCH BRANCH**  
Distributors KANSAS CITY, MO.

## Do You Get the Full Market Price

on your  
Live Stock  
Grain  
Hay  
Eggs  
Poultry  
Produce

?

**If you don't you lose money**

THE DAILY DROVERS TELEGRAM is the official market report paper of the Southwest. It brings you every day the market prices that govern the Southwest.

Every buyer gets the DAILY DROVERS TELEGRAM. He knows the markets. If you don't know what your stuff is worth, you lose several hundred dollars a year, you have an average sized farm!

THE DAILY DROVERS TELEGRAM adds \$5 to \$10 to the price of every cow or steer, a dollar or two to every hog and 5 per cent to 10 per cent on your hay, grain and produce. It tells you where the market is. Don't go it blind. You'll never get rich that way. Get posted. THE DAILY DROVERS TELEGRAM will make you money every month in the year.

### A Complete Daily Farm Newspaper

The DAILY DROVERS TELEGRAM is published every day (except Sunday) and brings you the daily telegraphic news of the world.

Fourteen editors and reporters make this the most interesting daily paper for every member of the farm home. Subscribers "can't get along without it."

**SPECIAL PRICE:** The regular subscription price of the DAILY DROVERS TELEGRAM is \$4.00 a year. We will send you the DAILY DROVERS TELEGRAM and THE INTELLIGENCER each one year for the price of the Telegram alone. If you are now getting either paper, your time will be advanced one full year. It's money in your pocket to DO IT NOW. Send or bring your check or cash to the

**INTELLIGENCER, Lexington, Mo.**

## 'RUTH'S PRISONER'

Comedy of Errors That Proved Not at All Humorous to Miss Cynthia.

Nodding pleasantly to Miss Cynthia and waving their hands to their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Foster drove out of the yard. They were going to Rochester, where Mr. Foster expected to buy some fine cattle and Mrs. Foster had some shopping to do. When their business was finished they expected to spend the night with their married daughter and return home the next day.

"Well," remarked Miss Cynthia, as the buggy disappeared around a bend in the road, "they have quite a treat before them, no mistake. They don't get off very often, now, do they?" Ruth Foster shook her head.

"Mother will think it the greatest kind of a treat to have one whole evening with Margaret; they haven't had an evening together for nearly a year."

"That's so," agreed Miss Cynthia, "and now I'm glad I didn't mention about that burglar before they went, for your Ma would have been sure to worry some. You see, there's been a burglar over to Laconia, and he broke a bank over there somewhere, and the officers are after him. I heard down to the postoffice that he was a-headed this way. They've got a paper posted up there, that says he is a tallish young man with a smooth face and mejum complexion and blue eyes." Ruth Foster laughed merrily.

"Let him come, Miss Cynthia, I do not believe he will bother you or me."

"The first of my boarders is coming tonight, a little early for summer boarders, but it is that Mr. Stanton I told you about, from New York, you know, so I'm all right. But you poor child, you will be all alone, now that John's away and your Pa and Ma are off to Rochester. You had better come up and stay with me to-night." But Ruth was not disturbed in the least, and refusing Miss Cynthia's kindly offer she went about her work singing to herself. When it was time she did the evening chores and closed the house, then she sat on the doorstep for nearly an hour enjoying the sweet spring twilight and listening to the singing of the frogs in the willow brook.

On reaching home Miss Cynthia took a final peep into the room prepared for the expected guest, and then, when she had finished the last bit of cooking, she set the table for tea.

"The train gets in at about ten minutes to seven, and Jason Hodges will have him up here in about three flips of a fly's wing, and if he should take it into his head to walk 'twouldn't make him but a few minutes later," mused the good lady as she bustled about, and when, a few minutes after seven, a tired-looking young man with a dark beard, and carrying a heavy traveling bag came up the walk she hurried to the door and held out her hand.

"Howdy-do, Mr. Stanton," she said, "you are welcome, but why in the world didn't you get Jason Hodges to drive you up? I told him to be on the lookout for you on the train tonight, when I got your letter; but come right in, your supper and room are both ready."

After sitting on the doorstep for a long time listening to the wood notes and the frogs, Ruth Foster went into the house, intending to return in a minute or two. When she did she was horrified to find a young man standing on the step—"a tallish young man of mejum complexion"—she could see that, even in the twilight. When he saw her he took off his hat and asked if Mr. Foster was at home. Ruth told him her father was not at home, and then as soon as she said so she was sorry.

"Can I come in and rest?" he asked, when he found that she did not ask him in. Ruth hesitated. "Come in," she said at last; she felt that it would never do to let this robber see that she was afraid of him.

After she had lighted a lamp he asked if he might trouble her for something to eat. He had had no supper. There had been no restaurant at the station or village, and he was rather hungry. Ruth set the table and then, as the kettle was singing merrily, she handed him a plate and asked him to fill it with doughnuts from a crock which she pointed out to him, in the pantry, while she made the tea. He went into the pantry and was filling the

plate with the beautifully browned doughnuts when Ruth slammed the door and locked and bolted it.

"Now, Mr. Burglar," she cried, "if you really are hungry you can eat those doughnuts, but you shall not get out until papa or John comes home."

She went into the sitting room and tried to read. For a long time she heard the man pounding on the door and calling to her, but finally all was still. She knew the man could not get out, because of the heavy bars on the pantry window. The night dragged slowly, and eventually she slept, to be awakened in the morning by John, the hired man, rapping at the door and calling to her. As she let him in, she told him of her adventure.

"He is in there now, John; get some rope and we will tie him and you can take him to jail," John did as he was bid and then unfastened the door.

"Good gracious," he cried, "it's Mr. Morton; he was down here from college with your brother Bob, last summer, while you were away, Ruth, and your father told me he expected him again next week."

"Yes, it was my intention to come next week, but I have to go west with a mining expedition next week and therefore wrote Mr. Foster that I would be down last night, but my letter must have miscarried, for I see that Miss Foster does not know me and has heard nothing of my intended visit. She would not listen to me after she locked me in. Before that I supposed she knew who I was." Poor Ruth was so mortified; it was a long time before Robert Morton ceased to call himself "Ruth's prisoner."

Miss Cynthia's night was adventurous, also. When she went to call her "boarder" the next morning she found an empty room, an empty sideboard in the dining room, and an empty purse in her work basket. As she stood in the doorway, a horrified expression on her face, Jason Hodges brought her a telegram from the real Mr. Stanton, saying that he could not come quite as early as he expected, but that he would come the next week.

"It wouldn't a happened if that paper in front of the postoffice hadn't a lied," she declared; "it said 'a tallish young man of mejum complexion,' and I calk'late no man can grow a great black beard like that in two days, so now."

### CLEARING HIMSELF.

The Judge—Sambo, you are charged with being a vagrant; that is, with having no visible means of support.

Sambo—No visible means of support, yo, honah? What yo mean by visible means of support?

The Judge—Visible means something that can be seen.

Sambo—Dat so? Why, Lawdy, Judge! Yo' jest send for mah wife, an' make her leave de washin' and come byah. Visible? Hah! She weighs 300 pounds. I guess she's visible, all right.

### CAUSE FOR ANGER.

Mr. Wilkins was near the exploding point when his neighbor met him on the street.

"That man Tompkins," he burst out, "has more nerve than anyone I ever met!"

"Why?" asked his neighbor curiously.

"He came over to my house last evening and borrowed my gun to kill a dog that kept him awake nights."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why," shouted Mr. Wilkins, "it was my dog he killed!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

### HOW HE ESCAPED.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Yep, I fell in love once at first sight."

"But you are not married?"

"Nope, I have the gift of second sight."

### OBVIOUS THOUGHT.

Lord Notasent (moodily)—I dreamed last night, James, that I had plenty of money!

The Valet (eagerly)—An' 'oo was the 'appy H'american girl, me lud?—Puck.

### HELPING HUSBAND.

"Is she the right sort to be a congressman's wife?"

"Is she? Why, she's more democratic than he is. She even goes so far as to call socially on the wives of some of her husband's constituents."

## MAN HAS ABNORMAL MEMORY

Illiterate English Laborer Whose Feats Have Recently Been Causing Much Astonishment.

George Harbottle, a laborer at a Northumberland quarry, possesses a memory which retains an indelible impression of every word which he hears or reads, says the Northwestern Gazette. After once hearing read, or reading himself, half a dozen book pages of any kind of matter, he can repeat them without omitting a single word.

One one occasion a man who knew Harbottle bought a pamphlet of songs from a street singer, and suggested him that he could not, within 20 minutes, learn and correctly repeat all the songs. Harbottle repeated every song without a mistake in 17 minutes. The names of all the licensed houses in Glasgow were read out to him three times and he repeated them correctly in the reverse order in which they were read out. Two men read two different paragraphs from two newspapers simultaneously and Harbottle repeated one paragraph correctly and made only two mistakes in the other—a remarkable feat. His foreman one day showed him a book containing the record of his seven workmates for eight months. It was at the dinner hour and the men were all sitting in a group. In ten minutes, from memory, Harbottle told each man what he had done and the wages he had earned during each week of the previous eight months.

Being an illiterate man, he can do nothing with figures, but otherwise his abnormal power seems to triumph over the most severe tests to which it can be put.

### BAD ONE



Doyle—Do yez get th' flavor of that cigar, Boyle?

Boyle—Sure, I could smell th' weed wid me eyes shut.

### HARSH JUDGMENT.

"In eastern countries men buy their wives."

"I've seen some in this country that looked as if they were acquired at a remnant sale."—Courier Journal.

### A TURN OF PHRASE.

Cigar Smoker (facetiously)—Still studying the sea, professor? You must know it upside down by now.

The Professor (feelingly)—Say, rather, inside out!—London Sketch.

### NOT SO FAR WRONG.

"This booby has been telling me about an aviary meeting he attended lately."

"Well, it was a meeting of bird-men, wasn't it?"

### NO CASH NEEDED.

"You can have that property for a song."

"You don't mean that literally."

"Yes, I do. I'll take your notes."

### POOR KIND OF SPORT.

"Rogers is a bit of a sportsman, isn't he?"

"If going off on wild goose chases makes a fellow one, he is."

### SWEET.

Mollie—How many lumps of sugar shall I put in your coffee?  
Chollie—Oh, have your own sweet way, as usual, dear.

### WHY SHE ENJOYS GOLF.

"Do you enjoy golf?"

"Very much. It keeps my husband out of my way most of the time."

### PAW KNOWS EVERYTHING.

Willie—Paw, what is war indemnity?

Paw—Alimony, my son.